

Bridge Work Delayed About One Week Due To Fire Yardley Husband Borrows Gun To Kill His Wife

WORK TO BE RUSHED TO REPLACE DAMAGED SECTIONS ON SPAN; LOSS IS ESTIMATED AT \$5,000

Believe Flames Were Due to Live Coal Being Blown From
Heating Forge — Firemen and Tugboat Crew Did
Good Work Despite the Difficulties

The spectacular fire which swept the temporary scaffolding, workmen's platforms and wooden forms, from the lift tower of the center span on both the Pennsylvania side of the Burlington-Bristol bridge across the Delaware River Saturday afternoon, is not expected to seriously delay the completion of the span. It was stated today that perhaps the work of replacing the burned sections would take about one week.

The damage is roughly estimated at approximately \$5,000. It is said that no damage at all was done to the steel with the exception of three pieces which will have to be replaced and one or two others which will have to be reinforced. The flames were so intense that the steel of the tower became so hot when hose lines were played upon it clouds of steam rolled off.

The flames, originated, it is believed from a live coal from a sheathing forge, falling between the huge planks of yellow pine which formed the platform from which workmen were engaged in completing the lift tower on this side. These planks measured 12 inches wide and 12 feet long and once they were affixed afforded ready material for the flames. All of the fire was at first on the lift tower about 135 feet in the air. Tongues of flames shot out across the river toward Burlington pushing ahead of them dense clouds of black smoke. Workmen on the bridge endeavored to fight it but were at a disadvantage. Pieces of burning rope and flaming pieces of timber began dropping to the floor of the bridge below and also into the fender built around the base of the main pier on the Pennsylvania side. This fender formed of piling treated with creosote added ready fuel and it was but a short time before there was a roaring furnace around the base of the pier.

Firemen first attempted to take the apparatus up onto the span but due to the uncompleted condition of the flooring and other difficulties soon abandoned this location from which to fight the flames. The pump of the Consolidated Fire Department was placed at the river's edge and a line of hose 1,000 feet long was stretched. First the water was lifted 50 feet to the floor of the bridge and then after traveling through a hose line the length of the span from the shore line to the center, was again lifted about 75 feet to a point of advantage from which it could be directed on the flames. A "Y" connection was used and two lines of hose were put into service.

Iron riggers and bridge workmen climbed about the high tower like flies. They fought the flames for nearly three hours from dizzy heights and clinging to the steel towers with one hand and one foot manned the hose lines. A plank floor on the base of the bridge supported a large boom and this flooring caught fire from the dropping embers. For a time it was feared that it would be so weakened that the boom might topple. Firemen had to watch so as to dodge the falling pieces of timber.

Just as the fender of the center pier caught fire the tug boat, Radio, of the Warner Sand Company, steamed up the river and went into service. Her crew directed hose lines and pumped water onto the burning fender for an hour or more and saved it from destruction.

Much credit is due the Consolidated firemen and also to Captain Blizard and his crew of the tug for their efforts in quenching the flames. A representative of the contractor said today that he believed the fire had been started by a live coal blowing from the heating forge into some shavings. Workmen left the bridge at about noon and an hour and a half later the flames were discovered.

At the start it was thought that the fire was a trifling one and a messenger called at the Consolidated fire station to borrow two hand extinguishers. Chief McGee was at the fire station at the time and when he learned where the fire was he ordered the pump and crew to go to the scene.

The concrete form being built in the tower is for the counter weight which is a solid concrete block. The surface of the concrete pier at the fender line was considerably damaged. It became intensely hot from the burning timber around it and when water was poured on it, the surface cracked. It was in no way weakened but will have to be refinished.

The lumber lost in the blaze was covered by insurance. The steel was not insured. There were numerous fire companies attracted to the scene on both the Pennsylvania and New Jersey sides. Spectators lined the shores on both sides of the river.

Fire Damages Store House of Lehigh Coal & Navigation Co.

Damage to the extent of \$250 was done when the rear of the storehouse of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company at the lower canal locks, rear of Mill street, was burned last night.

The blaze was discovered by residents of Mill street at about eight o'clock, and the Consolidated Fire Department was summoned. The rear part of the 1½ story frame structure was found to be afire; and a pile of leaves and rubbish found at the outside of the foundation led authorities to believe that the blaze was of incendiary origin.

The building was unoccupied.

FREE TREATMENT

Attention of parents in Bristol Township is again called to the free administration of toxin anti-toxin treatment to prevent diphtheria within the next few days. Time and place: Croydon public school, October 14th, 10:30; St. Thomas Aquinas school, Croydon, October 15th, 10:30; West Bristol public school, October 15th, one p. m.

ST. ANN'S DROPS FIRST CONTEST OF SEASON

Well Played Game is Lost to
Opponents by Score of
6 to 0

WERE OUTWEIGHED

(By T. M. Juno)

In one of the best games played on Sullivan's field in several years, Bristol St. Ann's dropped their first contest of the season to the strong St. Cecelia Catholic Club by the score of 6-0.

St. Ann's played up to its standard in football and offered no alibis for its defeat except that it was beaten by a better football eleven. In fact, the team did a good job in holding down the Philadelphians because they were outwitted and were up against a more aggressive team.

The boys from the St. Cecelia club, coached by Powell Scull, former end for the University of Pennsylvania, and a track star at the same institution, contained several former college players and possessed one of the best teams seen on the local gridiron in many months.

It is no disgrace that the Purple and Gold bowed in defeat to this strong team from downtown but it is an honor to outplay the team such as the locals did in the second half of yesterday's tilt.

The Irish boys took the opening kickoff and began a drive down the field by trying end run after end run. Attempts at the Bristol line would result in failure but by means of good interference and fast running the Cecelia club worked the ball to the local twenty-yard line but that was the closest they got to the Bristol goal mark in this period for the locals held and then punted out of danger. On the first play of the second half the visitors tried a forward pass which was intercepted by Quici who ran the ball to the thirty-yard line of the Cecelia club. Quici was injured on the play and removed from the game.

Bristol tried several times to slice some yardage off the visitors' line but failed, and then punted out of danger for the time being. St. Cecelia came back real strong and started an attack which landed them a touchdown. The piskin was carried over by Welsh on an end run of fifteen yards.

The try for the other point, a forward pass, failed. In the third quarter the Purple and Gold began an end run attack which swept the Cecelia club off its feet, but the attack was checked until the fourth and final period. Here another attack with Spadaccino doing the bulk but will have to be refinished.

(Continued on Page 4)

Bristol Couple Surprised On Wedding Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Goheen, of Roosevelt street, were pleasantly surprised when friends gathered at their home and helped them celebrate their tenth wedding anniversary.

The guests first met at the home of a neighbor, then in a body, went to the Goheen home, making it a complete surprise. Mr. and Mrs. Goheen were presented with a purse of gold, a bridge lamp and six cups and saucers. The evening was spent playing the game of "Hockem," and candy was given to those who won. Refreshments were served at a late hour.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Goheen, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Thompson, Mrs. Hutchison, Mrs. Hubbard, Mrs. Grace Crowe, Mrs. Joseph Burton, Mrs. Gilbert Lovett, Mrs. Emily Irwin, Mrs. Ida Appleton.

GRILL SHOW GIRL ABOUT SHOOTING OF DIAMOND

In Many Respects Shooting
Parallels That of Arnold
Rothstein

RACKETEER IS DYING

By James L. Kilgallen

I. N. S. Staff Correspondent

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—Miss Marian Roberts, beautiful twenty-year Broadway show girl, was grilled by police for hours early today in connection with the mysterious and perhaps fatal shooting of Jack ("Legs") Diamond, super-gangster and racketeer, and former bodyguard of the slain Arnold Rothstein.

Diamond is dying in Polyclinic Hospital. He was shot four times and left for dead by two gunmen as he sat in his pajamas in his room in the Hotel Monticello, in West Sixty-fourth street near Broadway, shortly before noon Sunday. In some respects the shooting of Diamond paralleled the shooting of Rothstein who was "plugged" in Room 348 of the Park Central Hotel, less than a mile away, on the night of November 4, 1928.

Miss Roberts, a slim, titian-haired girl with large, luminous eyes, occupied Room 831 of the Hotel Monticello. Diamond was shot in Room 829 almost adjoining. She admitted that Diamond had been in her room before the shooting and said she was taking a bath when the shooting occurred.

"I seized a towel or something and ran out just like that to the stairway. Then I crouched and hid until they (the gunmen) ran past me down the stairs."

Detectives had found Diamond's clothes hanging in her wardrobe. They were told by George Kameo, a Japanese waiter in the hotel, that he had brought an order of coffee and orange juice at 8:30 in the morning—several hours before the shooting—to Room 831 to a man in pajamas, whom he identified from photographs as Diamond.

Police Commissioner Edward P. Mulrooney, personally questioned Miss Roberts. He was extremely interested in reports that a New Jersey telephone call was made from the hotel shortly before the shooting. The fact that the gunmen's car carried a New Jersey

(Continued on Page 4)

THRILLING EXPERIENCES MET WITH BY THREE PENNSYLVANIANS IN RUGGED MOUNTAINS AND WOODS OF ALBERTA DURING A MONTH'S TREK

Hulmeville Resident Tells of Trip on Horseback to the Big
Game Hunting Ground of Canadian Rockies —
Trails Exceedingly Rough in Places

A trek after big game into the mountains and woods of Alberta, Canada, was participated in recently by Cyrus E. Smith, of Hulmeville; Dr. Joseph Vansant, of Fox Chase; and Samuel Reed, of Harrisburg. A detailed account of the trip on horseback and the hunt for denizens of the woods is herewith given by the member of the party from Hulmeville.

(By Cyrus E. Smith)

A ride of four days and four nights on a Pullman train via Chicago, Milwaukee, Duluth, Winnipeg and Jasper, took Dr. Joseph Vansant, of Fox Chase; Samuel Reed, of Harrisburg, and me this summer to Mount Robinson, from which point we launched upon a 22-day trek and gunning trip in the Canadian Rockies.

Mr. Robinson measures 12,972 feet, being the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, being about 7,500 feet to the top of the timber line, and then towering above that to nearly 13,000

Coming Events

October 14—Card party given by Harriman Men's Club.
October 15—Eighty-seventh anniversary of Hopkins Lodge, No. 87, I. O. O. F., in Enterprise Hall.

October 16—Card party for benefit of Edgely Needlework Guild at home of Mrs. Thomas G. Hawkes, Edgely, at 2:30 p. m.

October 17—Card party for benefit of St. Mark's Church, in Hibernian Hall.

October 17—Card party by Newportville Fire Company in Newportville fire station.

October 17 and 18—Annual rummage sale of Women's Home Missionary Society of M. E. Church in Welk Brothers' store, Washington street.

October 18—Bake sale and variety sale in Tullytown M. E. Church.

October 20—Card party in Robert W. Bracken Post home by American Legion Auxiliary.

October 21—Card party by Catholic Daughters in Knights of Columbus Home.

October 22—Oyster supper in Emille M. E. Church.

October 23—Annual supper by Mothers' Association at Bristol high school.

October 24—Hallowe'en dance, June class of '31.

October 25—Supper given by Morning Star Chapter, No. 395, Order of Eastern Star, in the banquet hall of the Bristol M. E. Church.

October 27—Pinocle party by Women's Social Club in I. O. O. F. hall.

October 30—Masquerade social in social room of Tullytown M. E. Church.

November 4, 5, 6 and 7—

Courier's Cooking and Home Makers' School under the direction of Miss Jessie Marie DeBoth in St. James' Parish House, Wood and Walnut streets.

November 8—Hot roast pork supper by Social Circle of First Baptist Church.

November 15—Annual chicken supper by William Penn Fire Company, Hulmeville, in Hulmeville fire station.

REV. CALLAHAN NAMED UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

Cornwells Heights Priest Is
Named to Position in
Pittsburgh

SUCCEEDS REV. HEHIR

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 13.—(I.N.S.)—The Rev. J. J. Callahan, LL. D., of Cornwells Heights, Bucks County, today was named president of Duquesne University, Pittsburgh, succeeding the Very Rev. Martin A. Hehir, one of the city's best known educators.

For several years the Rev. Callahan has been located at Holy Ghost Apostolic College, Cornwells Heights, (Continued on Page 4)

Three Injured When Auto Strikes A Pole at Edgely

Three people, two of whom were residents of Bristol, were slightly hurt last night, when the automobile in which they were riding crashed into a telegraph pole when they were rounding a corner on Beaver Dam Road, enroute from Edgely to Bristol. The injured: Miss Anna Docherty, Edgely, incised wound of right hand; Fenton Larisey, Lafayette street, incision on left side of head and right eye; John Warner, Lafayette street, deep, ragged gash over right eye requiring several stitches, cuts of wrist and knee.

The trio was taken to the Harriman Hospital for treatment, and later proceeded to their homes. The car in which they were riding was the property of Mr. Warner and was completely wrecked.

HERE AND THERE IN BUCKS COUNTY TOWNS

Yardley Firemen Plan for Annual
Chicken Supper,
October 25th

FARM PRODUCTS SHOW

Plans are being made by members of the Yardley Fire Company No. 1 for their annual chicken supper to be held Saturday, October 25, from 5 to 8 p. m. in the Old Fellows' Hall.

Louis C. Leedom is general chairman arranging the affair, while Mrs. Frank Sigafos is in charge of the supper. This supper is the only event which is staged in the fall by Fire Company No. 1 to raise funds for its budget.

The proceeds will be used to help with the operating expenses, which are very high with all volunteer firemen.

Plans for the eleventh annual Bucks County Farm Products Show are being made by the show committee, composed of 35 men and women from all parts of the county. The show this year will be held on December 2 and 3 in the Plumsteadville Grange Hall.

The various committees are working hard to put in a fine show of Bucks county's high quality products.

The judges for the men's exhibit will be N. Schmitz, corn, grain and potatoes; J. U. Ruef, fruit; C. O. Dossin, eggs. These men are from State College. Miss Brown, of State College, will judge the women's exhibit.

In addition to the exhibits, the Bucks county potato growers, the fruit growers and the dairy association will hold meetings in the afternoons. The evening programs will be in charge of the Plumstead Grange. It is expected the evening programs will take the place of the farmers' institutes which the Plumstead Grange has been sponsoring the past few years.

Mrs. Annie M. Updyke Dies At Home of Her Daughter

Mrs. Annie M. Updyke (nee Buerdell), widow of Newberry Updyke, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Frank S. Parr, here, yesterday, at the age of 79 years.

The deceased was a native of Philadelphia, but had resided in this borough for the past 45 years.

Ill health had been experienced by the late Mrs. Updyke for several months, and she had been confined to her bed for some time.

During her younger days Mrs. Updyke was a very active worker in the Bristol M. E. Church of which she was a member. She was also a member of the Sunday School of this church; and was affiliated with the Mothers' Association of the Bristol public schools.

Four daughters survive, namely: Mrs. William Ferry, of Burlington, N. J.; Mrs. Howard Coombs, Mrs. Wilkinson Bracken, and Mrs. Parr, of Bristol. There are also two sisters and one brother of the deceased who remain: Mrs. William Moritz, Mrs. William Henry, and John Buerdell, Philadelphia.

Funeral service to which relatives and friends are invited will be held on Wednesday, October 15th, at 2 p. m., from the Parr residence, 231 Madison street, with burial in Bristol Cemetery. Friends may call Tuesday evening. Rev. George F. Hess, pastor of the Bristol M. E. Church, will officiate at the service.

BABY SWAN ARRIVES

Mr. and Mrs. Rens Swan, 216 Harrison street, are the parents of a baby boy, born Saturday. The new arrival has been named Ralph Harrison.

SON IS BORN

Mr. and Mrs. James Hinchliffe, Jr., are rejoicing over the birth of a son born Friday.

CHARLES HANEY KILLS WIFE, INJURES DAUGHTER, AND ATTEMPTS SUICIDE; PHYSICIANS EXPECT HIS RECOVERY

Couple Had Quarrel Over the Noonday Meal, It is Said —
Murderer Stated He Wanted to Use Gun
To Kill Rats

YARDLEY, Oct. 13.—Charles Haney, 26, Canal street, shot and instantly killed his wife, Mary, and then seriously injured himself with the same gun, early Saturday evening. The shooting, it is said, was the result of a quarrel over the preparation of the noonday meal.

Haney is in the Mercer Hospital, Trenton, N. J., where it is believed that he will recover.

A three-year-old daughter of the couple, who was sitting by her mother's side was slightly injured by pieces of lead from the shotgun fire.

Anthony Russo, representing the Bucks County District Attorney's office, and State Police from Morrisville, are investigating.

The tragedy occurred at 6:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Haney's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Francis, Sr., of Canal street.

Mrs. Francis and Mrs. Margaret Haney, mother of Haney, were witnesses in the grim spectacle. Mrs. Francis made an unsuccessful attempt to prevent the shooting by shouting a warning. Haney fired at that moment.

The murder followed a quarrel between the couple.

After the man and wife had quarreled in their own home earlier in the day, Mrs. Haney said that she would go to the home of her mother to which her husband agreed, according to the authorities. It is said that Haney had not been working and that food was scarce in the Haney home. Haney was employed some time ago as a potter in Trenton, N. J.

Haney told the authorities yesterday that after the quarrel he went to Washington Crossing where he visited Charles Francis and borrowed a 12-gauge shot gun with which he told Francis he was going to kill rats.

Haney returned here and went to his father-in-law's house and inquired for his brother-in-law, Charlie. He left the house and soon returned with the gun which without warning he aimed at his wife and fired.

He says that he did not intend to kill his wife.

Visitors to the Francis home, Frances and Anna Hibbs, sat in the room and had narrow escapes from being hit by the shot.

Mrs. Haney was in a corner of the room, combing her daughter's hair. Mrs. Francis was in the opposite corner and Mrs. Haney, an aged woman, was seated near the centre.

Haney appeared composed the first time he entered. He did not seem angry. He joined in the conversation, talked about the weather and discussed the health of his mother-in-law. After an interval of silence he turned slowly from the room and went out to the kitchen. The women heard the door open and then close again.

A moment later they were horrified to see him standing in the doorway of the front room, the shotgun raised to his shoulder. He was taking deliberate aim as Mrs. Francis shouted: "Oh, don't!"

Haney calmly ignored the pleading voice, poised his gun more accurately and then fired. The full load of the shot entered his wife's neck. Two or three grains of shot grazed the little girl's hand. The comb clattered to the floor, the child screamed once, and then Mrs. Haney fell over to the floor. She had died instantly.

The smoke of the shot filled the room. The women were paralyzed with terror. Haney took one swift glance about the room and then walked quickly to the kitchen and out into the yard. He went to a small building in the yard, reloaded the gun, and fired it against his face. The force of the shot tore part of his face off. He dropped the gun and started to run but was caught by neighbors attracted by the report of the shot.

WILL SEW TOMORROW

Directors and members of the Needlework Guild will meet tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock in the community house, to sew.

CUTS HER HEAD

Rose Levans, of East Norris street, Philadelphia, gained a deep incision two inches long on her head yesterday, when she fell against a tree while visiting in Bridgewater. Miss Levans had three stitches taken in the wound at the Harriman Hospital, here, and was then able to proceed to her home.

Today in History:

British capture of Ypres—1914.

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1930

FORGOTTEN TRADES

The village smithy no longer stands "under a spreading chestnut tree," the garage has taken its place; and the blacksmiths of today are so few that when one of them passes away it is a matter for comment.

But horse-shoeing is not the only picturesque occupation that has disappeared or is disappearing. In these days of machinery, few now make shoes by hand, although the "shoemaker" is still applied to cobblers who only mend them. The country has no "cradle-maker," nor the town a cooper who makes barrels by hand, though the word still persists as a surname. These surnames offer a most convenient method of recalling forgotten trades. Who would guess that Thacker or Thackeray was the man who thatched the roof with straw; that Tyler was the one who tiled it, or Slater, he who roofed with slate? A few other names, as Collier, the charcoal burner; Chandler, the candle maker; and Fuller, the cloth cleaner, will show how numerous were the ancient crafts. Blacksmith has no equivalent among English family names, unless it be the abbreviated Smith, though, in German, there is Klingensmith, the "clanging smith." But the horseshoer was a Farrier, dropped in our dictionaries but retained in the directories.

But with the passing of the old, new crafts are finding a place. Beside mechanics we now have mechanicians and beside undertakers, morticians. Modern life is more complex than that of the past and calls for specialists.

TRAINING DIPLOMATS

Two important considerations are usually overlooked in discussions about the selection of men for promotion in the foreign service and about jealousy between the diplomatic and consular branches. One is the fact that, as our relations with other countries embrace so many questions of trade and business, it is increasingly important for our representatives abroad to have a knowledge of more than the mere diplomatic forms. The other is that the state department has shifted men not only from country to country but from continent to continent, with the result that very few have the chance of becoming thoroughly familiar with the political, commercial and social life of any one of them.

The principle, now well established, of naming professional diplomats to be chiefs of missions is sound. As a corollary to this the government should pursue those policies in the assignment of men in the foreign service which are productive of capable diplomats.

Other considerations are of minor importance compared with the need for so shaping the training of our foreign service members that they become thoroughly proficient and that they work with a sympathetic understanding of the interests of Americans and America abroad.

All men are equal in the same way that race horses are. They get an equal start.

Think of the dull evenings Adam and Eve spent when there were no neighbors to knock.

News From Towns Adjacent to Bristol As Reported by Correspondents

BENSALEM TOWNSHIP

On Tuesday evening the district superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal churches visited Cornwells. The visit concerned the quarterly conference.

Rally day at the Eddington Presbyterian Church has been postponed until the third Sunday in the month which will be the 19th.

James Sheppcott, a well known resident of Eddington, is still on the sick list. Mr. Sheppcott is under the care of a hospital in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Johnson, of Penns Manor, were visitors of Mrs. Johnson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster, of Cornwells Heights, recently.

The Pastor's Aid of the Cornwells Methodist Episcopal Church will hold its meeting this evening.

Hazel Peak and Betty Barry were visitors at Miss Eleanor Robinson's, Frankford, on Saturday.

For those who are going to have gas installed it will be interesting to know that the Cornwells M. E. Church is selling gas ranges at a reasonable price. A demonstration may be had at the church hall on Bristol Pike. The profit from the selling of these ranges will go toward the building fund of the church.

On the last Monday of the month the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Cornwells Fire Company No. 1 will hold a Halloween Party. Only members may attend however.

Miss Irene Underwood, Bristol Pike, is spending some time in Boston. The last reports have it that Irene will take a position in the hub city.

Mrs. George Bischoff and Mrs. Appleton, of Eddington, were luncheon guests at the home of Mrs. Bates, of Lawndale. The affair was in honor of Mrs. William Sherry, of Webster, Mo.

Miss Grace E. Barth, of Street Road, Eddington, is now going to the University of Pennsylvania and taking a course which will enable her to teach languages. Grace is a graduate of the Bensalem high school and one of many in the class of 1930 to attend college.

John Mortimer, of Street and Hulmeville Road, has completed his new chicken house.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Seltzer, of Street Road, Eddington, were visitors in Richmond, recently.

The regular meeting of the Cornwells P. O. of A. was held on Wednesday evening. Miss Anna Haldeman, of Knights Road, was elected to the office of assistant secretary.

TULLYTOWN

Mrs. Christopher A. Johnson, of Main Street, and Mrs. Walter Kissinger, of Bristol, were visitors in Philadelphia on Thursday.

EMILIE

Mrs. William Shoemaker is visiting at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Kidney, near Boston.

Miss Lillie Wilson in company with Mr. and Mrs. David Beaton attended the 75th birthday party of Charles Gudknecht, at Tacony, recently.

Mrs. William Hillborn and Mrs. William Rockhill were recent callers of Mrs. Edward Hillborn.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hagarty and children, of Horsham, were recent visitors of Mrs. Hagarty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hillborn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Henry Wink had as dinner guests recently Mr. and Mrs. Harvard Himebright, of Edgely, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Harvey, of Kennett Square; Mrs. Paul Lodge, and daughter, Harriet, of Fallington.

Mrs. Augustus Paul, of Bristol, was

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News From Towns Adjacent to Bristol As Reported by Correspondents

a recent guest of her niece, Mrs. Francis Paul.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Cox, Miss Harriet Cox, Mr. Horace Cox, Jr., of Hulmeville, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis V. Cox.

Miss Elsie Ettinger was a recent afternoon visitor of Miss Lillie Wilson. Mrs. John Webster had as callers on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Conley Webster, Mrs. Bibby, of Frankford; Morris Shleids, of Bristol.

Miss Elsie Rockhill spent the week-days with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin B. Badge, of Alden, while attending the Contomster School, Philadelphia.

Miss Anna Booz, Nelson Simon were visitors at Valley Forge.

Miss Eva Stephen and Miss Lillie Wilson, were recent dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore N. Carter.

Mrs. Albert R. Randall, was a Sunday caller of Mrs. C. Willis Hibbs.

Mrs. Anna Barwick and son, Rodney, were recent afternoon visitors of Mrs. Barwick's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Booz.

Frank Wright, of Edgely, was a Wednesday guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis V. Cox.

Mrs. Cora Wood and Mr. William Webster, Bristol, were recent callers of Mr. and Mrs. James Harris.

Mrs. Leo Hibbs and daughter, were recent callers of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Paul.

Miss Lillie Wilson attended a meeting of the Carversville Grange at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walton, of Solesbury, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Smith and Miss Jennie Moon, of Fallington.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bruce visited at the home of their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Bruce, of Philadelphia, on Oct. 4th and 5th.

Mrs. Edward Barber and Mrs. Anna Claire, of Morrisville, were dinner guests on Oct. 5th of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Paul, and Walter Barber, and Mr. Corvin Stradling, of Morrisville, were Sunday evening callers at the Paul home.

Miss Isabelle McCoy, of Rising Sun, Maryland, and teacher of the Emilie Public School sang recently with W.P. Miss McCoy, a soprano, recently won the Eastern Shore radio audition contest and will represent the nine counties at the state contest in Baltimore this month.

A farewell surprise party was given Edward Paul and Belvedere Still Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin B. Paul. The evening was spent playing cards. Refreshments were served. At a late hour the guests departed after wishing the young man a pleasant and safe trip to California by auto. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin B. Paul and son, Lewis, Eugene Keefe, Samuel Elder, Joseph Dixon, John Morrell, Jr., Favian Still, Benjamin B. Paul, Jr., Warren Bruce, William

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The Handsome Man

By Margaret Turnbull

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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W. N. U. SERVICE



to himself: "Then the man who fired the shot was a foreigner. At least he was a dark man." The girl had given that much away, even if she was, as Sir George suspected, trying to screen the man who fired the shot. And why she did that he was tremendously curious to know.

He was wrong. Roberta did not know. If a suspicion had for a moment entered her mind she had driven it forth instantly. It was unthinkable, impossible to imagine that there had been something familiar about the man who had moved away so swiftly through the thickets. She wanted Sir George's assurance that she was wrong, yet somehow his very decision that it was an accident left her still faintly troubled.

Sir George heard his stepmother exclaiming and Robert MacBeth's voice raised in wrath, and knew that Roberta had told them. He called August to take the car in, and went forward to answer the questions that were in store for him.

Robert MacBeth wanted the police notified at once and stormed for a moment at both Browne and Sir George for having omitted to do this. Roberta pointed out to her father that their construction camp was just outside a small town, which was likely to have about three superannuated constables. The only men who could do any good would be the state police and there was still time to notify them.

MacBeth asked Roberta one or two questions, which elicited the fact that she had not seen anyone clearly, had only been aware, after the shot, of some one moving off over the little pile of rocks and rubbish, screened by bushes and small trees, at the entrance to the construction road. Fortunately, she had not lost her head, but had instantly put her foot on the brake and driven with her right hand.

She steadily denied having plainly seen the man who had fired the shot, but she had heard a car start after she had gone some distance. She was in too much pain and too frightened to stop and look for it. Her impression that the man was a foreigner she could not deny, but neither could she say why she thought so. The hat had not moved and she did not think that he knew there was no head under it, so quickly had she driven away.

Then Lady Sandison pounced on them. "Have you no mercy, Rob! Think shame to yourself, Sir George! You two keeping the lass here gabgabbng when she should be taking a rest and having her hand dressed. I've telephoned the doctor so that it'll be done as it should be. Come away, my girl, and get tidied up before he comes."

She had taken Roberta away and left the two men together. "I'm not going to have my girl run into any more danger, you can bet your life on that, so much as I hate calling in the police at this stage of the game, we'll give them the facts," MacBeth said as he put out his hand to the receiver.

His secretary nodded. "But it wasn't the girl they were after, sir," he said softly. "It was my hat they made a hole in. Why?"

MacBeth regarded him with a little grin. "Think a lot of yourself, don't you? I'll remind you that Roberta's my daughter and consequently important, if my theory's correct. Why should they single you out? Who knows anything about you?"

The younger man smiled back at him. "I'm your secretary, and they call me an Englishman at the office since you've been sending me back and forth." He looked at MacBeth coolly: "Quite a few people there call me 'Beauty Sandison.' I may look important to an outsider."

MacBeth laughed. "You knew they called you 'Beauty,' then?"

"Oh, yes. I really can't help my unfortunate face, sir. I let it handicap me as little as possible."

MacBeth forgot his troubles in a roar of laughter.

"You ungrateful young dog! With a face and figure that make nine-tenths of us sour from sheer envy, you talk about handicaps!"

"Well, I leave it to you," the young man argued. "Would you like to be as much of a beauty as I am?"

"Would I like?" MacBeth roared again. "Man, I have just prayed the Almighty ever since I was seventeen to give me one more inch. I've consoled myself often enough that it's the runs that do the work and get there, but I would like just to be one inch taller. I'm not asking for your grand height, but just one little inch. And as for the rest of you! Man, do you not fairly smirk at yourself when you look in the glass?"

His secretary looked at him in slow amazement. "When I look in the glass I suppose I see what every one else sees—my defects. Have you ever noticed, sir, and he bent nearer MacBeth. In all seriousness, "that I have

one eyebrow a trifle higher than the other and my nose—it's a little too long, don't you think?"

"I think I'd like to give you a black eye," declared Robert MacBeth, "just to show how your face does make me feel occasionally, but on the whole I think I'll not. I'll just sit back and thank God for sending you at this particular time. I never had so much fun for so little money in all my life."

Sir George looked at him questioningly. "I don't just exactly mean that you are funny," his employer began. "It's just your whole get-up. Your looks and speech are part of it, but mostly it's yourself. Dammit, Sir George, I can't explain."

"No need to." The younger man said it a little stiffly. "I feared I might fall short of your requirements as a

secretary, but I have really tried, sir."

"Fall short! My G—d! Sandison I think you're perfect! Perfect, do you get me? I wouldn't have an inch of you changed. Dammit, I've got sort of an affection for you. I've fought it down, I don't mind telling you, saying to myself it was fair foolishness to get drawn into caring about anyone belonging to your generation. Foolishness! It's ruinous! Look at Roberta! I've cared for her more than any human being I have ever known—and she grudges a few hours out of her round of pleasure to help out her old dad."

He stopped abruptly. His secretary was looking at him so oddly.

"I think you are quite wrong, sir," he declared. "I'm very sure you are. Why, if you will think of it, she might have given her life in just those few hours you asked. I really don't think you realized that."

"Good G—d!" exclaimed Roberta's father. "I didn't! She made so light of it."

"Her father's daughter," said the younger man, with a smile which made MacBeth's heart warm to him again.

He looked at his secretary keenly. "And yet you don't like Roberta overly much."

Sir George flushed. "She doesn't like me, you mean. I think her most attractive."

MacBeth meditated a few moments in silence, then apparently dismissed everything but the business in hand from his mind and said: "What about the police?"

His secretary hesitated. "I think your daughter would rather not have them called in," said he.

MacBeth frowned. "Why should she not want the police called in?"

Sir George waited a moment, and then said slowly: "I don't know, maybe you could find out. I'll leave you to question her."

He went through the window as Roberta entered the room.

Her father touched the bandaged hand lightly. "Doctor seen it yet?" he asked.

Roberta shook her head. "He's coming soon." She hesitated, and looked at her father imploringly. "I think I'd like to see him here where you are. I thought that you could keep him from telling anybody about how I got my hand hurt. I'd rather not have people know. I think it was just some poor frightened boy who had been shooting at a rabbit, or a hawk."

"It's funny, then," her father said, "that he should shoot the top of Sir George's hat so neatly."

Roberta turned white. "Oh, no," she said, "he didn't mean to do that. It was an accident—that it happened so."

"It looks like intention to me," her father retorted. "I think, my girl, I'll speak to the police myself, not especially about this, but about keeping an eye on the construction camp. I can say I'm afraid of bootlegging among the workmen, if you like."

Roberta nodded. "That might do." She paused and went toward the window. "Of course, Father, I don't want to make things harder or more dangerous for Sir George, but I think he's all excited about American gunmen and things like that and is liable to imagine any little accident is part of a big plot to 'get' him. You're not going to send him up with that money, are you?"

"Here comes the doctor and your aunt," Robert MacBeth warned her. Then in answer to her question: "As to that, my lass, I've got to send somebody. Why not my secretary?"

Roberta shrugged her shoulders. Her father looked at her sternly, wondering. Did she, as his secretary had hinted, know more than she told? He could hardly credit that.

"Roberta," he said impulsively, "do

you know any reason why Sir George should be made a target?"

She shook her head. "I can't understand it at all."

Her father felt the sincerity in her voice. "Well," he admitted, "it's a puzzle."

"Roberta," He Said Impulsively, "Do You Know Any Reason Why Sir George Should Be Made a Target?"

Sir George stroked back and forth, back and forth, trying to puzzle out whether Roberta had or had not seen the man who fired the shot. His mind continually rejected the thought that the girl, with all her bad manners and temper, could play such a part. And yet? Unable to decide, he finally determined to stop thinking about it. Time would tell. It seemed impossible that Robert MacBeth's daughter could be in league with her father's enemies. And yet what else did her silence mean? Sir George was positive, despite her carefully worded answers, that she had seen enough of the man who fired the shot to know or suspect much more than she had cared to tell.

CHAPTER VII

At Saturday night's dinner and dance, Robert MacBeth, though still a prisoner to the chaise longue, was enjoying himself tremendously. Lady Sandison, who was having an unmistakable triumph, looked about her with secret satisfaction. The terrace toward the river was hung with electric lanterns. The best orchestra procurable was playing the latest dance music, and a caterer from the city was in the kitchen.

Sir George, even Roberta admitted it, was a wonderful aid to any party. He had a certain intriguing bashfulness of demeanor that made him popular not only with the girls but with the men.

Despite the fact that he danced well, giving himself up to the joy of it in a way Roberta had not expected, he had danced only once with Roberta. He had devoted himself to her guests both young and old who were, it seemed to Roberta, flattered by his attention. Jack was not here, had refused to come, to Roberta's annoyance. She would like to parade him in front of them all, especially her father's secretary.

Robert MacBeth looked with pride at Roberta's lithe, graceful young figure, and her flushed face with its soft halo of red curls, as she danced through the great hall and living room. He heard discriminate praise of her beauty from the older men, and knew from their actions that the younger men thought her lovely.

He beckoned his sister to him and said: "I'll not move from here until they go in to supper and then you can send August to take me to the library. The men can join me there after supper—at least those near my own age. Are you enjoying yourself, Aggy?"

SPORTS

St. Ann's Drops First
Contest of Season

(Continued from Page 1)
of the running put Bristol within fifteen yards of the goal mark but a fumble took place and the ball was recovered by St. Cecilia.

The entire Bristol team played good football and the spectators, the largest crowd of the season, were well pleased with the locals' showing.

St. Cecilia	Bristol St. Ann's
Yowell	position
Mellwig	left end
Meyers	left tackle
Abrams	left guard
Stein	centre
Bierler	right guard
McKay	right tackle
Bigner	right end
Willis	quarterback
Reice	left halfback
Smyth	right halfback
	fullback

Score by periods:
St. Cecilia 0 6 0 0-6
St. Ann's 0 0 0 0-0
Touchdowns: Welsh.

Substitutions: For St. Cecilia, Scully, Welsh, Donahue, Giddes, McGee and Lanc. For St. Ann's, Pope, Billine, Juno, Kornstedt, Seneca, Roe, Sabatini, Missera, Praul, Angelo.

Time of periods: 15 minutes.
Referee, Townsend; umpire, Smoyer; head linesman, Brown.

PATTERSON TO DRIVE
ROBINSON'S CAR IN RACE

LANGHORNE, Oct. 13.—The spirit of the late Bob Robinson will permeate the race course at Langhorne Speedway on Saturday, October 18, when Jimmy Patterson, of Kansas City, will pilot "Robinson's death car" through the 100-mile Fall classic that will end the speed racing season here.

Nearly two score of the country's foremost pilots have entered the Langhorne 100-mile race and the field will be selected from the fastest fourteen or possibly eighteen cars in the time trials.

Robinson's long string of eastern victories were brought to a close on July 27 at the Woodbridge speedway when the same car in which Patterson will drive here next week, tore through the steel and heavy timber guard rail and landed seventy-five feet below, killing the intrepid driver instantly before a crowd of 10,000 that included Robinson's wife and child.

Robinson's widow recently sold the battered Miller speed creation to Patterson who was a team-mate of the Florida driver and Patterson has now rebuilt the entire car from the ground up and promises to wheel it over the Langhorne course at the greatest speed it has ever attained.

Six Philadelphians
Hurt in Auto Crash

Six Philadelphians were injured and two are still under treatment at Mercer Hospital, Trenton, as a result of the auto in which they were riding crashing into a telegraph pole, after skidding from Lincoln Highway near Oxford Valley. The party was en route to New York.

Pauline Zimmerman, aged 20, of 902 Granite street, and Maurice Dion, aged 22, of 5481 Moore street, both with cut chins and front teeth knocked out, are at Mercer Hospital. Dion is said to have been driver of the auto.

Helen Factor, aged 19, of 2908 West Norris street, with cuts on the chin and legs, and Nathan Dion, aged 22, of 2563 North Stanley street, with a cut nose, were treated at Mercer Hospital and left. Two others treated at St. Francis Hospital are Sadie Factor, aged 18, of West Norris street, with cuts on the left leg, and Maurice Sklar, aged 19, of 3047 Euclid street, whose head and left knee were cut. They also left the hospital.

John Leninski, aged 69, of 161 Bloomsbury street, Trenton, sustained a fractured right knee and cut on the right arm yesterday afternoon, when struck by an auto as he attempted to cross Lincoln Highway, near Fallsington. He is under treatment at Mercer Hospital.

The driver of the car was Albert Gruzon, 2400 Hancock street, Philadelphia. Officer McAfee, of Pennsylvania State Highway Patrol, of Langhorne, investigated.

Rev. Callahan Named
University President

(Continued from Page 1)
acting as superior there for the past fifteen years.

The new appointee was born in Bay City, Michigan, in 1882. He received his higher education at the Gregorian College in Rome.

For some time the Rev. Callahan was stationed at Holy Ghost College in South Norwalk, Connecticut, and was also affiliated with the work at Notre Dame Church, Chippewah Falls, Wisconsin.

Five Under Bail As
Results of Raids

(Continued from Page 1)
slippery aren't you?" asked the officers.

"Well, it doesn't pay to be slow these days," the prisoner replied. "I'll get out of this, too," remarked Hanson.

His spirits dropped, however, when Detective Russo gave Constable Kunkle a pair of handcuffs to apply. They are of the latest type and after being applied to the prisoner he began to twist them around to suit his wrist but was cautioned not to pull them, because "the more you do the tighter they get." Hanson lost his nerve and his countenance dropped.

Grill Show Girl About
Shooting of Diamond

(Continued from Page 1)
license caused authorities to regard the call as perhaps significant.

The girl was apprehended by the homicide squad men late last night in the apartment of Agnes O'Laughlin, at 854 Eighth avenue. Miss O'Laughlin recently sued Rudy Vallee for alleged breach of promise. Detectives found Miss Roberts hiding in a closet.

While Miss Roberts was being questioned, detectives brought Mrs. Alice Diamond, the gangster's wife, into her presence and it was reported that a stormy scene ensued when Mrs. Diamond confronted the young show girl. Mrs. Diamond was also questioned by the police.

She had rushed to New York from Acra, N. Y., to see her husband immediately she learned he had been shot. She visited him in the hospital.

At Polyclinic Hospital, Diamond informed Mulrooney that he did not recognize the gunman who shot him and had no idea why they did it.

"He's lying about that, of course," was Mulrooney's comment.

The facts in possession of the police are that Diamond was shot while clad in his pajamas in Room 829 of the Monticello by two men who ran down stairs to the street and drove off in a new black sedan with a New Jersey license. The automobile had been seen five minutes before the shooting parked opposite the hotel with door open and engine running.

Diamond staggered out of Room 829 and along the hall until he collapsed at the elevator. He was carried into Room 825, one of a suite of 3 rooms which Jacob Ginsberg, manager of the hotel occupied with his wife and child. Somebody ordered a private ambulance from the MacDougal Ambulance Service in West Seventeenth street. Somebody, identity not revealed, also summoned Dr. Howard Babcock, Diamond's family physician, from another hotel, where he had an office. Diamond was rushed to Polyclinic Hospital and it was not until 1.30 in the afternoon that the police learned of the shooting.

Dr. Babcock said the wounds consisted of one on the left side of the abdomen, one in the right thigh, two through the chest and one in the center of the forehead close to the scalp.

The police threw a guard around the wounded gangster in the hospital for fear that more gunmen would be sent to finish the job.

Almost immediately after the shooting, the hotel manager, Ginsberg, disappeared after turning the wounded man in his room over to his assistant, Joseph Goldy. He left word that he had a previous engagement in New Jersey. The police wish to question Ginsberg whom they believe to be a friend of Diamond. Ginsberg was formerly manager of the Hotel Harding, where Diamond for a time maintained his Broadway quarters.

Diamond's story to the police was that he was sitting on the bed in his red silk pajamas, reading, when the door opened and three men entered. (Other information was to the effect that there were only two men.)

"One of them said: 'Well, here we are, let's go,'" said Diamond. "Then all three blazed away at me. I keeled over on the bed and they fled. I got to my feet and went along the hall as far as the elevator. There I fell, and

I don't remember anything until I came to in Ginsberg's room."

Diamond made no mention of Miss Roberts in his narrative. Mrs. Diamond arrived at the hospital last night and remained at his side for twenty minutes, then, grim-faced, she left for the West Sixty-eighth police station to confer with Commissioner Mulrooney. The shooting of Diamond created a sensation along Broadway where he is well known. He formerly ran the Hotzy-Totsy night club. It was in this place that William Cassidy and Simon Walker were shot and killed in July, 1929. Police accused Diamond of the double murder but "Legs" beat the case.

Diamond had become an international figure as a big American gang and racket man. Recently he was deported from Germany. He had left the United States shortly after the mysterious disappearance of Harry West-ern, Kingston, N. Y., brewer, who is believed to have been "put on the spot."

Since his return to New York, it has been reported that Diamond has been trying to again "muscle into" the beer racket. For a long time he has been "a marked man," according to the police.

Diamond has probably "beaten the rap" on more serious charges than any other character in the country. He has been arrested twenty-one times on accusations ranging from carrying concealed weapons to murder, and every time but one he has gone free. He did one "stretch" in the state reformatory. He was born in Philadelphia thirty-three years ago but was reared in the "hell's kitchen" district of New York City.

Thrilling Experiences Met With
By Three Pennsylvanians

(Continued from Page 1)

Interesting a view as one could probably find anywhere. There was the Maligne Canyon, so peculiar in character and formation, a canyon running down the slopes of the mountain.

While the width of this canyon varied from probably four feet to 10 or 12 feet, yet its depth was from 150 to 200 feet. In this real crack in the rocks, hundreds of feet below could be heard the rush of the water which could barely be seen. In some places the width was only about four feet or the distance a horse could jump. Some places where the chasm was narrow it was spanned by large rocks, the edges of the boulders resting on either rim of the canyon. The water course far below was fed by an underground channel which came from the mountain gorges above.

After arriving at Mt. Robinson we saw fit to travel up the mountain slope to fill in time. We soon found evidence of game; suddenly coming upon a black bear with three cubs upon a bare trunk of a tree which had but a few dead limbs extending out. One black mother bear, two black cubs, and one brown cub—as fine a sight for the camera as you wanted to see! The season was not yet in for bear hunting, and the movie camera was some distance away at the railroad station. As we were anxious for a scene of this interesting family, Dr. Vansant volunteered to stand guard at the foot of the tree while Mr. Reed and I hurried back for the camera. When we returned to the tree the mother bear was already on the ground, with two cubs, and the other cub was just landing. The quartet had become tired of staying on their perch, and so with snarls and growls they had descended, backing the doctor into retreat. But we succeeded in getting pictures of them as they scampered away through the woods.

As we hiked on down into the valley following the outfitters' truck with our duffle bags and gunning outfits, we came into a beautiful flat on which was located the ranch house and corral of the outfitters, Denison and Brittain, where we were to stay for the night. To the north, south, east and west the highest peaks of the Rockies rose to nearly 13,000 feet. Around this level nook in the heart of the mountains, the yard and corral combined not covering more than eight or ten acres, the mountains seemed to start right up, and tower nearly perpendicularly thousands of feet.

The next morning, August 28th, the three guides, the horse wrangler, and the cook of the outfit, packed the 13 pack horses with our necessities for the journey. The requirements included three tents, provisions, duffle bags, etc. Eight horses were saddled, making a 21 horse train in all. The trip was to be a continuous one of six days on horse back, through the mountainous wilderness, after which we expected to reach the home and feeding ground of the mountain sheep for which we were particularly anxious, and which we were not so sure of securing, as they are rare and cute, and keep to the high, bare crags on the remote wild parts above the timber line.

The first two days out took us over a government trail, which after all was only a foot-path, and it led up through the Moose Pass, along the Grand Forks River with the highest ranges of the Canadian Rockies on both sides of the pass. It led up and continually up, always along a mountain stream or a river that we crossed and recrossed dozens of times; and always between high snow capped mountains and through forests of large standing timber of giant cedar, massive at the bole, and towering to hundreds of feet above, thus forming a canopy overhead. Later we continued around the shores of a mountain lake, Lake Burg, which had floating on its surface cakes of ice that had come down the passes from glaciers, which had formed, and lay 30 or 40 to 60 feet deep. At various times we sighted game, deer, caribou, mountain goat; but it was several days before the season opened to take game. We all had good mounts, the doctor a pinto gelding; Sam Reed a bay mare; and I was granted the privilege of an easy gaited strawberry roan mare, owing to the fact I had to tote the movie camera on my back.

In our three guides we were fortunate, for the first and foremost one was a big six feet, one inch Canadian, by profession a Jasper lawyer, and an ex-service man. He had served in the Canadian Flying Corps, and was credited with bringing down 16 German planes. It was he who guided the entire outfit, and later acted as guide. The trip was to him a pleasure, and not a necessity. Next, but not least, as I had cause to remember, was Indian Johnnie, a full-blooded Cree. Most stoic was he, and he seldom spoke. He was honored and respected by the community, and it was he who was called to the front to find the way when no one else in the outfit knew just where we were or the way out. It was he who was always looking for game; and he was the one who pointed it out, and after leading one up to within rifle shot, stepped back to let you make the kill. It was when you brought your game to earth that Indian Johnnie cast a broad smile. The other guide was a white Canadian, and was of lesser merit in that capacity than the other two, but he was always willing to oblige. I had asked my two friends to take their choice of guides, and they picked the two Canadians, leaving me Indian Johnnie, although at times we changed guides.

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On and after first day of January, 1931, an additional penalty of 1% a month will be added.

On the first Monday of May, 1931, all unpaid taxes on Real Estate will be returned to the County Commissioners for collection.

On and after October 1, 1930, a penalty of five per cent will be added to all unpaid school tax.

On and after the first day of January, 1931, an additional penalty of 1 percent a month will be added thereto.

On the first Monday of May, 1931, all unpaid taxes on Real Estate will be returned to the County Commissioners for collection.

Office open from 9 a. m. to 12 a. m., and 1 to 5 p. m., on all business days, except Saturdays; Saturdays from 9 to 12 a. m., Municipal Building, Pond and Mulberry streets.

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